

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SPEAKS ON ONE OF THE CHIEF CHRISTIAN VIRTUES.

The Need of Grace in the Affairs of Daily Life—Tears Discard Into Harpmony—Final Reward of Patience—Causes of Pessimism.

(Copyright, 1909, Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, Dec. 2.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is a full length portrait of a virtue which all admire, and the lessons taught are very helpful; text, Hebrews x, 36, "Ye have need of patience."

Yes, we are in awful need of it. Some of us have a little of it, and some of us have none at all. There is less of this grace in the world than of almost any other. Faith, hope and charity are all abloom in hundreds of souls where you find one specimen of patience. Paul, the author of the text, on a conspicuous occasion lost his patience with a co-worker, and from the way he urges this virtue upon the Hebrews, upon the Corinthians, upon the Thessalonians, upon the Romans, upon the Colossians, upon the young theological student Timothy, I conclude he was speaking out of his own need of more of this excellence. And I only wonder that Paul had any nerves left. Imprisonment, flagellation, Mediterranean cyclone, arrest for treason and conspiracy, the wear and tear of preaching to angry mobs, those at the door of a theater and those on the rocks of Mars hill, left him emaciated and invalid and with a broken voice and sore eyes and nerves a-jangle. He gives us a snap-shot of himself when he describes his appearance and his sermonic delivery by saying, "In bodily presence weak and in speech contemptible," and refers to his inflamed eyelids when speaking of the ardent friendship of the Galatians he says, "If it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes and have given them to me."

Patience Under Difficulties. Some of the people ordinarily most excellent have a deficit in this respect. That man who is the impersonation of amiability, his mouth full of soft words and his face a spring morning, if a passing wheel splash the mud across his broadcloth, see how he colors up, and hear him denounce the passing jehs. The Christian woman, an angel of suavity, now that some slight is put upon her or her family, hear how her utterances increase in intensity. One of the ablest and best ministers of the gospel in America, stopping at a hotel in a town where he had an evening engagement, was interrupted in his afternoon nap by a knock at the door by a minister who had come to welcome him, and after the second and third knock the sleeper opened the door and took the invader of his repose by the collar and twisted it with a force that, if continued, would have been strangulation. Oh, it is easy enough to be patient when there is nothing to be patient about. When the bank account is good and in no danger of being overdrawn, and the wardrobe is crowded with apparel appropriate for the cold, or the heat, or the wet, and all the family have attested their health by keen appetites at a loaded table, and the newspapers, if they mention us at all, put right construction upon what we do or say, and we can walk ten miles without getting tired, and we sleep eight solid hours without turning from side to side, the most useless grace I can think of is patience. It has no business anywhere in your house, you have no more need of it than a life preserver while you are walking the pavement of a city, no more need of it than an umbrella under a cloudless sky, no more need of it than of Sir Humphry Davy's safety lamp for miners while you are breathing the tonic air of an October morning.

Causes of Pessimism. Now you understand how people can become pessimistic and cynical and despairful. You have reached the state yourself. Now you need something that you have not. But I know of a re-enforcement that you can have if you will accept it. Yonder comes up the road or the sidewalk a messenger of God. Her attire is unpretending. She has no wings, for she is not an angel, but there is something in her countenance that implies rescue and deliverance. She comes up the steps that once were populous with the affluent and into the hallway where the tapestry is getting faded and frayed, the place now all empty of worldly admirers. I will tell you her name if you would like to know it. Paul baptized her and gave her the right name. She is not brilliant, but strong. There is a deep quietness in her manner, and a firmness in her tread, and in her hand is a scroll revealing her mission. She comes from heaven. She was born in the throne room of the King. This is patience. "Ye have need of patience."

Many of the nations of the earth have put their admiration of this virtue into proverb or epigram. One of those eastern proverbs says, "With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin." A Spanish proverb says, "If I have lost the rings, here are the fingers still." The Italian proverb says, "The world is his who has patience." The English proverb declares, "When one door shuts, another opens." All these proverbs only put in another way Paul's terseness when he says, "Ye have need of patience."

Warm Hearted Christians. But here comes a warm hearted, sympathetic, Christian man. He says: "There is a man down in the ditch. I must get him out. God help me to get him out." And standing there on the edge of the ditch the good man soliloquizes and says to himself, "If I had had as bad a father and mother as he had and all the surroundings of my life had been as depraving as those that have cursed him I myself would probably have been down in the ditch, and if that man had been blessed with as good a father and mother as I have and he had been surrounded by the kindly influences which have encompassed all my days he would probably have been standing here looking down at me in the ditch." Then the good man puts his knee to the side of the ditch and bends over and says to the fallen one, "Brother, give me your

hand," and with one stout grip lifts him up to God and heaven. There are wounds of the world that need the probe and the sharp knife and severe surgery, but the most of the wounds want an application of ointment or salve, and we ought to have three or four boxes of that gospel ointment in our pocket as we go out into the world. We all need to carry more of the "balm of Gilead" and less caustic, more benediction and less anathema. When I find a professed Christian man harsh and merciless in his estimates of others, I silently wonder if he has not been missing trust funds or beating his wife. There is something awful the matter with him.

We also have need of patience with slow results of Christian work. We want to see our attempts to do good immediately successful. The world is improving, but improving at so deliberate a rate. Why not more rapidly and momentum? Other wheels turn so swiftly, why not the gospel chariot take speed electric? do not know. I only know that it is God's way. We whose cradle and grave are so near together have to hurry up, but God, who manages this world and the universe, is from everlasting to everlasting. He takes 500 years to do that which He can do in five minutes. His clock strikes once in a thousand years. While God took only a week to fit up the world for human residence, geology reveals that the foundations of the world were eons in being laid, and God watched the glaciers and the fires and the earthquakes and volcanoes as through centuries and millenniums they were shaping this world, before that last week that put on the arborescence. A few days ago my friend was talking with a geologist. As they stood near a pile of rocks my friend said to the scientist, "I suppose these rocks were hundreds of thousands of years in construction?" And the geologist replied, "Yes, and you might say millions of years, for no one knows but the Lord, and He won't tell." It took so long to make this world at the start, he is not surprised if it takes a long while to make it over again now that it has been ruined. The Architect has promised to reconstruct it, and the plans are all made, and at just the right time it will be so complete that it will be fit for heaven to move in, if, according to the belief of some of my friends, this world is to be made the eternal abode of the righteous. The wall of that temple is going up, and my only anxiety is to have the one brick that I am trying to make for that wall turn out to be of the right shape and smooth on all sides, so that the Master Mason will not reject it, or have much work with the trowel to get it into place. I am responsible for only that one brick though you may be responsible for a panel of the floor or a carved pillar or a glittering dome.

Patience Under Injury. Again, we have need of patience under wrong inflicted, and who escapes it in some form? It comes to all people in professional life in the shape of being misunderstood. Because of this how many people fly to newspapers for an explanation. You see their card signed by their own name declaring that they did not say this or did not do that. They fluster and worry, not realizing that every man comes to be taken for what he is worth, and you cannot by any newspaper put be taken for more than you are worth nor by any newspaper depreciation be put down. There is a spirit of fairness abroad in the world, and if you are a public man you are classified among the friends or foes of society. If you are a friend of society, you will find plenty of adherents, and if you are the foe of society you cannot escape reprehension. Paul, you were right when you said, not more to the Hebrews than to us, "Ye have need of patience."

I adopted a rule years ago which has been of great service to me, and it may be of some service to you: Cheerfully consent to be misunderstood. God knows whether we are right or wrong, whether we are trying to serve Him or damage His cause. When you can cheerfully consent to be misunderstood, many of the annoyances and vexations of life will quit your heart, and you will come into calmer seas than you have ever sailed on. The most misunderstood His cradle and concluded that one so poorly born could never be of much importance. They charged Him with inebrity and called Him a winebibber. The sanhedrin misunderstood Him, and when it was put to the vote whether He was guilty or not of treason He got but one vote, while all the others voted "Aye, aye." They misunderstood His cross and concluded that if He had divine power He would effect His own rescue. They misunderstood His grave and declared that His body had been seen by infamous resurrectionists. He so fully consented to be misunderstood that he carried and slapped and submerged with scorn, he answered not a word. You cannot come up to that, but you can imitate in some small degree the patience of Christ.

Patience Under Physical Pain. Again, this grace is helpful in time of physical ailments. What vast multitudes are in perpetual pain while others are subject to occasional paroxysms! Almost every one has some disorder to which he is occasionally subjected. It is rheumatism or neuralgia or sick headache or indigestion or that old spell and you think you would rather have almost anything else, but that is because you have not tried the other. Almost everyone has something which he wishes he had not. There are scores of diseases ever ready to attack the human frame. They have been in pursuit of our race ever since Adam and Eve resigned their innocence as well as the world's health. It is amazing how persistent and methodic those disorders are in their attack on the world, and how regular is the harvest which with the sharp scythe of pain they mow down for the grave. No such disciplined and courageous army ever marched as the army of physical suffering. They do their work in the order I name, and you may depend upon their keeping on in that same order for a good while yet; first of all tuberculosis, next organic heart disease,

next pneumonia, next in number of its victims is apoplexy, next Bright's disease, next cancer, next typhoid fever, next paralysis. Those eight diseases are the worst despoilers of human life. The doctors with solutions and lancets and anodynes and cataplasms are in a brave fight against these physiological devils that try to possess the human race. But after all the scientists can do there is a demand for patience. Nothing can take the place of that. It is needed this moment in every sickroom and along the streets and in business places and shops where breadwinners are compelled to toil when physically incompetent to move a pen or calculate a column of figures or control a shovel. But every patient could show you instances of complete happiness under physical suffering. He could take you to that garret or to that hospital or to some room in his parish where sits in rocking chair or lies upon a pillow some one who has not seen a well day in ten years and yet has never been heard to utter a word of complaint. The grace of God has triumphed in her soul as it never triumphs in the soul of one who is vigorous and athletic.

Patience Under Care. Now, let us this hour turn over a new leaf and banish worry and care out of all our lives. Just see how these perversities have multiplied wrinkles in your face and accidulated your disposition and torn your nerves. You are ten years older than you ought to be. Do two things, one for the betterment of your spiritual condition and the other for the safety of your worldly interests. First, get your heart right with God by being pardoned through the atonement of Jesus Christ. That will give security for your soul's welfare. Then get your life insured in some well established life insurance company. That will take from you all anxiety about the welfare of your household in case of your sudden demise. The sanitary influence of such insurance is not sufficiently understood.

Many a breadwinner long since deceased would now have been alive and well but for the reason that when he was prostrated he saw that in case of his decease his family would go to the poorhouse or have an awful struggle for daily bread. But for that anxiety he would have got well. That anxiety defied all that the best physicians could do. Suppose these two duties attended to, the one for the safety of your soul in this world and the next, and the other for the safety of your family if you pass out of this life, make a new start. If possible have your family sitting room where you can let in the sunlight. Have a musical instrument if you can afford it, a harp or piano or bass viol or parlor organ. Learn how to play on it yourself or have your children learn how to play on it. Let bright colors dominate in your room. If there are pictures on the wall, let them not be suggestive of battlefields which are always sad, or deathbeds which are always sad, or partings which are always heartbreaking. There are enough present woes in the world without the perpetual commemoration of past miseries. If you sing in your home or your church do not always choose tunes in long meter.

The Reward of Patience. This last summer I stood on Sparrow hill, four miles from Moscow. It was the place where Napoleon stood and looked upon the city which he was about to capture. His army had been in long marches and awful fights and fearful exhaustions, and when they came to Sparrow hill the shout went up from tens of thousands of voices, "Moscow, Moscow!" I do not wonder at the transport. A river of hills sweeps round the city. A river of semicircles with its brilliance. It is a spectacle that you place in your memory as one of three or four most beautiful scenes in all the earth. Napoleon's army marched on it in four divisions, four overwhelming torrents of valor and pomp. Down Sparrow hill and through the beautiful valley and across the bridges and into the palaces, which surrendered without one shot of resistance because the avalanche of troops was irresistible. There is the room in which Napoleon slept, and his pillow, which must have been very uneasy, for oh, how short his stay! Fires kindled in all parts of the city simultaneously drove out that army into the snowstorms under that triumphant march turn into horrible demoralization. Today, while I speak, we come on a high hill, a glorious hill of Christian anticipation. These hosts of God have had a long march, and fearful battles and defeats have again and again mingled with the victories, but today we come in sight of the great city, the capital of the universe, the residence of the King, and the home of those who are to reign with him for ever and ever. Look at the towers and hear them ring with eternal jubilee. Look at the house of many mansions, where many of our loved ones are. Behold the streets of burnished gold and hear the rumble of the chariots of those who are more than conquerors. So far from being driven back, all the twelve gates are wide open for our entrance, and our every step brings us nearer to that city.

Complimented His Wife. Some automobilists along a lonely country road stopped at a wayside cabin to get a drink. The men of the house answered their knock. When he withdrew for pitcher and glass there came a voice from within as of some one objecting—a high feminine voice not likely to languish for want of practice. Through the open door the automobilist could see that an exquisite cleanliness prevailed. The orderliness without had already struck them. As they quaffed the water—"Your wife must be a fine housekeeper," remarked one of the party. "Yas-as," said the man thoughtfully, his eyes fixed on the horizon, "she's hell on dirt."

While men believe in the possibilities of children being religious, they are largely failing to make them so, because they are offering them not a child's but a man's religion—men's forms of truth and men's forms of experience.—Phillips Brooks.

...As the World Revolves...

Devoted to Her Father.

Although the re-election of Charles A. Boutelle of Maine to a seat in congress will probably never reach him, it is a source of great satisfaction to his daughter, Miss Grace, who is devoting her life to his comfort. As is well known, Mr. Boutelle has been for many months an inmate of a private asylum at Waverly, Mass. His mind is a complete wreck and even the most sanguine of his friends have given up hope of his restoration to reason.

During his entire illness Mr. Boutelle's daughter has been a ministering angel. She is a beautiful young woman and was long a favorite in Washington society. She would be gladly welcomed back to the scenes of her social triumphs, but has chosen instead to remain close to her father. She has sacrificed everything to be as near the one she loves as possible. Not a day passes but she drives from her lodgings to the insane asylum to spend as many hours with the patient as the doctors will allow. By her tender and loving caresses she seems to soothe the uneasy patient, and if Congressmen Boutelle recovers the doctors declare the credit will be due to his affectionate daughter.



GRACE BOUTELLE.

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Marquis of Anglesey. The Marquis of Anglesey, who has just been sued by his wife for divorce, is Henry Cyril Paget, and head of the famous Paget family, whose members are intermarried with prominent American houses. The marquis is only 25 years old and succeeded his father two years ago. His wife is the daughter of Sir George Chetwynd, the famous turfman. She is a beautiful woman of 20, with violet eyes and Tintian hair. The pair have never got on well together since the marriage. She left her husband in the middle of their honeymoon because of the marked symptoms of insanity exhibited by him. He tries to dress like a woman, carries pug dogs in his promenades, wears rings on every finger, and appears on the public stage as a skirt dancer. The marquis inherits his eccentricities. His mother was erratic and committed suicide because she was not happy with her husband. The marriage of Anglesey and his wife was removed to South Dakota with her husband and has since been a resident of that state.

Has Run the Naval Gamut. Rear Admiral Andrew Kennedy Bickford, C. M. G., has been appointed commander-in-chief on the English Pacific station, in succession to Rear Admiral Beaumont, who goes to the Australian station. The son of Mr. W. Bickford of Newport House, South Devon, he was born in India, but was educated at the South Devon Collegiate school. He entered the navy in 1858, and served as first saw active service in China. Admiral Bickford was senior and gunnery lieutenant of the Amethyst at the time of its encounters with the Peruvian rebel ironclad Huascar. Service in Alexandria and elsewhere brought him on to the captaincy he exercised as senior officer of combined French and English and German and English squadrons at various operations in the South Pacific during the course of which he put a stop to civil war at Samoa. He commanded the Resolution in the Channel squadron; became captain of first reserve at Portsmouth; captain-superintendent of Sheerness dock yard in 1896; rear admiral in 1899, and A. D. C. to the Queen. His C. M. G. was gained for services as captain of the allied squadron at various operations in the South Pacific.

Best for the Bowels. No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a stripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Open Cars for Smokers. The Union Traction Company of Philadelphia promises to run open cars, one in five, all winter long, with no restrictions as to smoking. In the summer smoking is permitted there on only the three last seats of the open cars.

In Winter Use Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. Your feet feel uncomfortable, nervous, and often cold and damp. If you have sweating, sore feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores 25 cents. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Portrait of Justice Field. The widow of Supreme Justice Stephen J. Field has presented to the United States circuit court of appeals in San Francisco a finely executed oil portrait of the jurist.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist today and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

There probably never was a baby that wasn't uglier than both of its parents put together.

Is Called the Corn King. A new star has risen on the Chicago Board of Trade. This latest star on 'change belongs to the constellation taurus, for he has given corn such a custom to it has not had for many a day. The big institution is more or less accustomed to all kinds of financial sensations, but George H. Phillips has given the board a nervous shock of the kind probably a little different from any received heretofore. Mr. Phillips is the youngest man who even engineered a corner in grain in Chicago, and the youngest who ever attempted such a stupendous operation. The young man is not yet 32 years of age, and he has only been a dealer upon the Geo. H. Phillips, Board of Trade for a period of eight years. The extremely boyish appearance of the big bull has occasioned no end of remark since he jumped into such prominence. Mr. Phillips is slender and short of stature, is light, almost pale, complexioned, with light eyes and hair and a man of most unpretentious appearance and address. He is so extremely modest and unassuming that the notoriety he has attained and the attention which he has attracted have been almost painful to him.

Wife of Governor Elect Herreid. Governor Elect Herreid of South Dakota is very proud of his talented wife. She is prominently identified with all movements in the state. She is a typical western woman, and was born in Aindra, La Crosse county, Wis., Feb. 6, 1859. Her father, Henry Harrison, Snye, was a pioneer of Wisconsin, and was formerly from New York state. Mrs. Herreid attended the public schools and later went to Galesville university. After leaving college she taught in the public schools until her marriage in 1881. Two years later she

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Wife of Governor Elect Herreid. Governor Elect Herreid of South Dakota is very proud of his talented wife. She is prominently identified with all movements in the state. She is a typical western woman, and was born in Aindra, La Crosse county, Wis., Feb. 6, 1859. Her father, Henry Harrison, Snye, was a pioneer of Wisconsin, and was formerly from New York state. Mrs. Herreid attended the public schools and later went to Galesville university. After leaving college she taught in the public schools until her marriage in 1881. Two years later she

Editor, Justice, Etc. The editor of the Fairfax, Mo., Forum inserts this notice in his paper: "W. H. Hambaugh, J. P.—All kinds of marriages performed while you wait. Magazines and old books bound in the best manner. All long standing accounts—except those against this paper—collected in rag-time. Orders for good printing executed promptly. Information on legal matters imparted at cost. Subscriptions taken for the best newspaper in the language. Try our triple-knot marriage ceremonies. Satisfaction guaranteed."

Is Called the Corn King. A new star has risen on the Chicago Board of Trade. This latest star on 'change belongs to the constellation taurus, for he has given corn such a custom to it has not had for many a day. The big institution is more or less accustomed to all kinds of financial sensations, but George H. Phillips has given the board a nervous shock of the kind probably a little different from any received heretofore. Mr. Phillips is the youngest man who even engineered a corner in grain in Chicago, and the youngest who ever attempted such a stupendous operation. The young man is not yet 32 years of age, and he has only been a dealer upon the Geo. H. Phillips, Board of Trade for a period of eight years. The extremely boyish appearance of the big bull has occasioned no end of remark since he jumped into such prominence. Mr. Phillips is slender and short of stature, is light, almost pale, complexioned, with light eyes and hair and a man of most unpretentious appearance and address. He is so extremely modest and unassuming that the notoriety he has attained and the attention which he has attracted have been almost painful to him.

QUEER OLD ENGLAND.

Where Bread Costs Extra in the Restaurants.

"One of the strangest things about the management of English restaurants," remarked a gentleman who has recently returned from a visit to London to the Washington Star, "is the custom of charging diners for every slice of bread which they eat. For instance, a day or two before my departure from the British capital, I, as a mark of esteem, invited several English friends to dine with me at one of the most celebrated of the fashionable west end restaurants. Well, the repast was served in a private room, and everything went off splendidly until the coffee and cigar stage was reached, when I asked that my bill be brought to me. Then, to my utter astonishment, the head waiter, in the hearing of the assembled company, approached me and in a loud voice asked, 'And how many breads have you had, sir?' This question I could not answer, as I had not been engaged in counting the number of slices consumed, but one of my guests, who had evidently kept track of the bread, noticing my embarrassment, said in my behalf, 'Four plates.' 'Ah!' muttered the waiter, 'that's one shilling extra,' and after adding the amount to my bill handed it to me for inspection. Of course I paid for the bread, but I have been wondering ever since I did so why the American custom of not charging for the staff of life is not introduced over there."

AN ENEMY TO DRINK.

One Woman Who Has Done a Great Deal to Put Down This Evil.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 3.—(Special)—When the Independent Order of Good Templars of Minnesota wanted a State Organizer they chose Mrs. Laura J. Smith, of 1217 West 33d Street, this city. The American Anti-Treat League also selected Mrs. Smith as National Organizer. The reason is not far to seek. This gifted woman has devoted her life to a battle against Drink and Drinking Habits. Her influence for good in Minnesota is and has been very far reaching.

About two years ago however, it seemed as if this noble woman would have to give up her philanthropic work. Severe pains in her back and under her shoulder blades, made life a burden and work impossible. Physicians were consulted, and they prescribed for Kidney Disease. Three months' treatment however, failed to give Mrs. Smith any relief. Her husband was much exercised, and cast about him for something that would restore his good wife to health and strength. He heard of the cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and advised her to try them, which she did. She is now a well woman and says: "Two weeks after I commenced taking Dodd's Kidney Pills, I felt much better, and at the end of seven weeks was completely cured. I have had no recurrence of the trouble, but I take a pill off and on, and find that it keeps me in good health."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers at 50 cents a box. They are easily within the reach of all, and no woman can afford to suffer, when such a simple, and sure remedy is at hand.

Circulation of Blood. The mileage of the blood circulation reveals some astonishing facts in our personal history. Thus it has been calculated that, assuming the heart to beat sixty-nine times a minute at ordinary heart pressure, the blood goes at the rate of 297 yards in the minute, or seven miles per hour, 168 miles per day, and 61,320 miles per year. If a man of eighty-four years of age could have one single blood corpuscle floating in the blood all his life it would have traveled in that time 5,150,880 miles.

There is a Class of People Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

To Clean Smoky Paint. Many housewives have no doubt been greatly annoyed when cleaning the paint in the kitchen to find it would look streaked and cloudy, especially if an oil or gasoline stove had been used. A very easy and satisfactory way to clean it is to go over it with kerosene oil, which removes the smoke, then wash in soapsuds, rinse it in clean water and wipe with a dry cloth; the effect is surprising.

Best for the Bowels. No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a stripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Open Cars for Smokers. The Union Traction Company of Philadelphia promises to run open cars, one in five, all winter long, with no restrictions as to smoking. In the summer smoking is permitted there on only the three last seats of the open cars.

In Winter Use Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. Your feet feel uncomfortable, nervous, and often cold and damp. If you have sweating, sore feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores 25 cents. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Portrait of Justice Field. The widow of Supreme Justice Stephen J. Field has presented to the United States circuit court of appeals in San Francisco a finely executed oil portrait of the jurist.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist today and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

There probably never was a baby that wasn't uglier than both of its parents put together.

A WEEK IN INDIANA.

RECORD OF HAPPENINGS FOR SEVEN DAYS.

South Side Manufacturing Company of Wabash Falls—Boy Accidentally Shot by His Father Near Martinsville—Old Will Discovered at Logansport.

Gas Companies May Join. Edward Kirkpatrick of Indianapolis, a representative of the Deitrich syndicate, was at Hartford City this week negotiating for the purchase of the three Hartford City gas companies, the Citizens', People's and the Crescent gas companies, and the probable cost of the plants will be \$100,000. Mr. Kirkpatrick departed without closing the deal, but his proposition is under consideration. The gas rates here are lower than those of any city in Indiana and if they are purchased and consolidated it is the intention to treble the rates, consequently patrons are objecting strenuously to the sale. J. A. Hindman, president of the Crescent company, resigned his official position while the negotiations were on.

Shows Failure of Measure. Governor Mount issued a proclamation regarding the constitutional amendments, but left the question as to whether or not they carried open. The proclamation merely sets out that amendment No. 2 received 240,031 votes for it and 144,072 against it. No conclusion whatever is stated. While the vote shows that more votes were cast affirmatively than negatively yet a majority of all votes cast failed. The proclamation was prepared on the advice of the attorney general. Lawyers who desire the amendments tested are seeking a process to get the matter before the higher courts.

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